

# Good Morning

95

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I get around

I WAS reading a paper in the Savoy lounge the other day.

Beneath the paper I saw a pair of ankles, so I raised it a little, to see a particularly attractive pair of shins. I raised it higher still, and I saw the bottom of—a khaki skirt.

I lowered the paper, and behold—Pte. Marguerite Salte, of the A.T.S.

You may remember Marguerite as "Trilby," a fashion and art model. Why that name I don't know. The only things different from other women about her were her exquisite hands, pretty feet and face.

"Sacrilage," I thought, "to see those much-painted feet shod in clumsy brown leather shoes, instead of scarlet sandals.

Marguerite, daughter of a New Zealand farmer, came to England to study art. To augment her income she did some fashion modelling, and later, when fame came her way, she



MARGUERITE

sat for celebrated artists and at London art schools. "I'm fitter than ever I was," she told me. "That is, apart from blisters from route-marching and aches from inoculations.

"Anyway," she said, "I've lost a stone in weight, and I'm very fit, too."

FROM the London headquarters of the Salvage Week Campaign I hear that very satisfactory has been the appeal for unwanted literary matter.

The majority of books, I understand, were impressed with the stamp of local lending libraries. The Dickens and Shakespeare volumes were mostly unthumbed, and the Bibles faded and unmistakably unread.

Many were the history books, and the cheap series of popular classics which before the war were given with cigarettes and soap flakes. Family albums, too, complete with faded sepia pictures, were numerous.

Remainder consisted mainly of diaries and cheque book stubs.

THE case history sheet of a former railroad telegraphist, now in a home for the insane, was reported recently in the New England Journal of Medicine by Dr. P. H. Wheeler.

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

The telegrapher decided to commit suicide by gulping knick-knacks.

He tempered his decision by a certain amount of caution, as he was always careful to cover sharp edges with food and chewing-gum, but, despite such "precautions," the 43-year-old patient became sick.

Dr. Wheeler performed an operation to remove them.

The surgeon's take tallied up to 187 foreign bodies, classified thus: 69 narrow staples, 24 wide staples, 21 pieces of glass, one pencil lead, and 72 miscellaneous metallic foreign bodies.

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FOR the second consecutive year the Wrens of H.M.S. "Excellent," with 215 points, won the cup awarded to the smartest drill squad at Whale Island.

Fifteen naval establishments in Portsmouth Command were represented by 18 trim, well-trained girls and a Wren officer.

The chief adjudicator, Admiral Sir Frederic Dreyer, in paying a glowing tribute to the women of the Royal Navy, said that never had he been more convinced of the determination of W.R.N.S. to maintain the tradition of their Service.

Later, in a Pompey tavern, I was proud to drink with some of the victorious to their tradition, the Admiral, the sea, and most other things.

## BEAST OF BURDEN

This Palestine donkey seems to be saying, "I ask you, is this a fair load for a hot day?" But where man must move loads he will always seek the easy way. See the back page for his strange ideas of transport.



ON duty in Uxbridge, a Civil Defence worker saw in the dim light a small object moving in the roadway.

He called a colleague, and, watching from a distance, they saw the object moving slowly and erratically, and occasionally jumping.

Remembering the official warning that such articles might be dropped from enemy aircraft and prove dangerous, they summoned other C.D. workers, and informed the police.

After a brief conference, several cautiously approached the object, stopping when it moved, then going on.

"It's certainly a tin, but what's that at the end?" anxiously enquired one.

Then a torch was switched on, and it was seen that an inoffensive hedgehog had caused all the excitement and alarm.

The hedgehog "went off," but not in the way the watchers feared. It was released from the tin and put into the hedge. The tin is to be kept as a souvenir.

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LORD WOOLTON, Food Minister, visiting a fish research station at Aberdeen with Lady Woolton, said to officials who offered to send him samples of their experiments:—

"I try out all these new things on my wife."

He added: "She remains healthy too."

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TOMMY MANVILLE, American asbestos multi-millionaire, has announced that Jane Weeks will be his seventh wife.

When Mr. Manville met Miss Weeks at the airport he took her to his Westchester estate, Bon Repos.

He is 48, she just half that.

## I overhaul my car!

By AL MALE

MY wife always goes to her mother's for the whole of Sunday... she calls it her "day of rest"... and it suits me, too... always gives me the opportunity of doing those jobs I have left undone, sort of thing... Well, you know, a chap must catch up on himself, kind of, mustn't he?

So last Sunday I lay in bed thinking hard about what Dopey (the car) required in the way of overhaul, aided by innumerable charts and instructions. Seems that the inside had to come out of the engine, plugs had to be cleaned, grease points greased... quite an interesting day's work for a chap like me, who does everything thoroughly.

Trudie had left my lunch "all ready to put into my mouth," as her parting shot informed me, so I didn't worry about THAT, but as I cannot as yet swallow whole tins of food, and couldn't find the tin-opener, I also left my lunch... and reluctantly,

VERY reluctantly, hied to the local.

Well... you know what that means... "How go, Al... what's yours?" "Where the hell have you been all my life? You must have one with me," and all the usual greetings, so that my quick lunch was neither quick nor lunch.

Anyway, I was still determined... changed into old clothes when I reached home... found the garage key (after much research), opened the garage door... slid myself between the garage wall and the green streamlined sides of Dopey, and got down to business.

How does one-over-the-eighteen affect you?

Well, it couldn't have been petrol fumes, because Dopey has had an empty stomach since 1940... but I sure felt hazy.

"Think I'll have a fag before I start," I decided, so, opening the door, I slid into the driving seat, lit a cigarette, leaned back, fiddled about with the gears, and twiddled the steering-wheel, just to see what the whole thing felt like after such a long break... still keeping what was left of my mind on the mechanical job ahead.

Wound up the clock, in case I had forgotten how, and casually glanced into the dashboard recess, over on the passenger side.

"Hello, what's that? Bunch of programmes, I guess," as I espied the familiar colours of various sports arenas... Wembley, Harringay, Streat-ham, West Ham, and enough outside-town ones to form an attractive holiday guide... "Gosh," I thought, "what a life I must have led... and paid for it, too."

"And what's this?" I asked myself with amazement. "Lunch 7/-, Extras -/-!"

Yes... I remember... some lunch... some extras... some baby, too.

A walk through the rose-garden after lunch in that long, oak-panelled dining-room... scent of roses in pure Down-land air wafted through open french windows... Leisuredly sipping coffee in a luxurious low-roofed lounge, with a background of soft music... What was it... that haunting tune? Of course... "Deep Purple"... Could I ever forget it... or fail to think of that lounge, and her, every time I hear it?... Marvellous... gorgeous... s-u-p-e-r-b... BANG! BANG! BANG!...

Where am I... where am I... what the hell was that? "That... what do you mean

by THAT? It's ME... ME, your wife... shake yourself, for goodness sake... sleeping away in the car. Here am I home after an exhausting day and not even a cup of tea ready to revive me... What a husband!... What a liar!... Overhauling the car... I'll say... Why... you've still got the tin-opener in your hand!"



New Officer: "What's the idea, sergeant, lights blazing furiously after black-out?" Sergeant: "Bugler must have forgotten to blow 'Lights out,' sir."

N.O.: "Well, go and blow them out yourself, then!"

## THEY SAY—

TOWNS AND HOUSES.

AFTER the last war there was an enormous interest in housing, but you could not get people to see that town-planning mattered, too. If people become as conscious of the importance of good towns as they already are of the importance of good houses, they will get both. But if they do not insist on good town-planning, including the location of industry, many of them will not be able to get good houses either.

F. J. Osborn (Sec., Town and Country Planning Association).

AMERICA. THERE is something unique in America which has brought men and women together from all over the world. Some went because of religious persecution, some from political differences, and others for economic opportunity, but all who live there are Americans... We have proved that a great nation can be built from all the peoples of the world and that they can live together in peace and harmony.

Mr. Winant (American Ambassador in London).

## At the Sign of "THE STAR"

By E. G. S.

ONE of the oldest and most interesting inns bearing the name and sign of "The Star" is situated (or was last time we saw it) in the ancient village of Alfriston, Sussex.

Wherever the sign of a "Star Inn" appears, it is usually found on one of the pilgrims' ways, and often on those routes which mariners of old used to tread from port to port. In this case the rule holds good.

PILGRIMS' REST.

Built in 1450 as it stands today, this inn bears traces of still earlier 13th century structure. The "Star" at Alfriston



The "Star" at Alfriston. Where one would expect to find hanging the ancient sign of this old inn is a modern one bearing an advertisement, while from the "George" opposite a sign more appropriate to this beautiful village street comes into the picture. The old ship's figurehead is in the lower left corner of the picture.

once belonged to the Abbey of Battle, and there is little doubt that it was originally intended for the convenience of religious pilgrims travelling to the shrine of St. Richard in Chichester Abbey. There can be still less doubt that its threshold was often crossed by mariners of another day, on their way from the ancient Cinque Ports along the coast to join ships in other harbours.

BUILT TO ENDURE.

The timbering of this inn is obviously of immense strength, supporting a roof of stone slabs, some of which weigh nearly two hundred-weights each.

Quaint carvings decorate the front, while at one corner is the curious Alfriston Lion, which was once the figurehead of a Dutch vessel wrecked off the Sussex coast. The lofty, paved parlour of the "Star," with its latticed windows and huge fireplace, is a place in which one may quaff a pint from a pewter tankard in perfect coolness even on the hottest day, and in an atmosphere which brings a consciousness that here is a moment in life, and a place in Britain, for which one has long had an inner thirst.



## Periscope Page

# WANGLING WORDS—57

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after ROW, and make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters ABCDELMNRU to form a Northern county.
3. Change FLESH into GRASS, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: FOOT into BALL, WILD into TAME, OLD into NEW.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word INTERPOLATE?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 56

1. GEORGE.
2. GLOUCESTER.
3. SONG, SANG, SANE, FANE, FINE, TINE, TUNE, FAIR, LAIR, LAID, LARD, LARK, DARK, SPAM, SEAM, SEAT, MEAT, SEW, SAW, RAW, RAM, HAM, HEM.
4. Rate, Sure, Rest, Sate, Rare, Ruse, Arts, Eats, Star, Seat, Tear, Ease, Rear, Tare, Rust, East, Sear, etc. Tease, Stare, Rears, Sates, Surer, Rates, Steer, Truer, Trees, Terse, etc.

### ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in SEAPLANES, not in GUN-SIGHTS,  
My second's in MISSILES as well as SEARCHLIGHTS,  
My third is in SCRUMMAGE, and not in SOCCER,  
My fourth is in KITBAG, but not in LOCKER,  
My fifth is in GROUNDSMAN, while not in WICKET,  
My sixth is in SPORTSMAN, but not in CRICKET,  
My seventh's in CLEEK, but not in BRASSIE,  
My eighth is in ENGINE, and not in CHASSIS.

(Answer on Page 3)

### Who is it?

A song in her praise says that she was very beautiful, with a fair white forehead, a long, slender neck, and eyes of dark blue. She was light on her feet, and her low, sweet voice is compared to the sigh of a summer breeze. Who was she?

(Answer on Page 3)

### ODD CORNER

FRANK BUCKLAND, the great Victorian naturalist, realised that of the 150,000 different animals capable of providing us with meat, we make use of only four or five. He decided to try the flavours of some of the others, had had steaks and chops sent to him from the Zoo whenever he heard that an animal had been killed.

He wrote in his diary on one occasion, "B. called; cooked a viper for lunch, and had elephant-trunk soup." On another occasion he decided to try panther chops, but heard that the Zoo's only panther had died two days previously, and had been buried. Not a bit put out, he had the carcass



EVERY one contributed something to the work; and by united, but easy, and even indolent, labours of all, the entire work was completed before sunset. The islanders, while employed in erecting this tenement, reminded me of a colony of beavers at work. To be sure, they were hardly as silent and demure as those wonderful creatures, nor were they by any means as diligent. To tell the truth, they were somewhat inclined to be lazy, but a perfect tumult of hilarity prevailed; and they worked together so unitedly, and seemed actuated by such an instinct of friendliness, that it was truly beautiful to behold.

Not a single female took part in

this employment: and if the degree of consideration in which the ever-adorable sex is held by the men be—as the philosophers affirm—a just criterion of the degree of refinement among a people, then I may truly pronounce the Typees to be as polished a community as ever the sun shone upon. The religious restrictions of the taboo alone excepted, the women of the valley were allowed every possible indulgence. Nowhere are the ladies more assiduously courted; nowhere are they better appreciated as the contributors to our highest enjoyments; and nowhere are they more sensible of their power.

During my whole stay on the island I never witnessed a single quarrel, nor anything that in the

slightest degree approached even to a dispute. The natives appeared to form one household, whose members were bound together by the ties of strong affection. The love of kindred I did not so much perceive, for it seemed blended in the general love; and where all were treated as brothers and sisters, it was hard to tell who were actually related to each other by blood.

Let it not be supposed that I have overdrawn this picture. I have not done so. Nor let it be urged, that the hostility of this tribe to foreigners, and the hereditary feuds they carry on against their fellow-islanders beyond the mountains, are facts which contradict me. Not so; these apparent discrepancies are easily reconciled. By many a legendary tale of violence and wrong, as well as by events which have passed before their eyes, these people have been taught to look upon white men with abhorrence.

The reader will, ere long, have reason to suspect that the Typees are not free from the guilt of cannibalism; and he will then, perhaps, charge me with admiring a people against whom so odious a crime is chargeable. But this only enormity in their character is not half so horrible as it is usually described.

According to the popular fictions, the crews of vessels, shipwrecked on some barbarous coast, are eaten alive like so many dainty joints by the uncivil inhabitants; and unfortunate voyagers are lured into smiling and treacherous bays; knocked on the head with outlandish war-clubs; and served up without any preliminary dressing.

In truth, so horrific and improbable are these accounts, that many sensible and well-informed people will not believe that any cannibals exist. But here, Truth, who loves to be centrally located, is again found between the two extremes; for cannibalism to a certain moderate extent is practised among several of the primitive tribes in the Pacific, but it is upon the bodies of slain enemies alone; and horrible and fearful as the custom is, immeasurably as it is to be abhorred and condemned, still I assert that those who indulge in it are in other respects humane and virtuous.

All the South Sea islanders are passionately fond of fish; but none of them can be more so than the inhabitants of Typee. I could not comprehend, therefore, why they so seldom sought it in their waters; for it was only at stated times that the fishing parties were formed, and these occasions were always looked forward to with no small degree of interest.

During their absence, the whole population of the place were in a ferment, and nothing was talked

By HERMAN  
MELVILLE

of but "pehee, pehee" (fish, fish). Towards the time when they were expected to return, the vocal telegraph was put into operation—the inhabitants, who were scattered throughout the length of the valley, leaped upon rocks and into trees, shouting with delight at the thoughts of the anticipated treat. As soon as the approach of the party was announced, there was a general rush of the men towards the beach; some of them remaining, however, about the Ti, in order to get matters in readiness for the reception of the fish, which were brought to the Taboo Groves in immense packages of leaves, each one of them being suspended from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men.

### MIXED DOUBLES

The following MIXED DOUBLES are composed of an inland British town and the river on which it stands, "RIPON and URE," for example.

- (a) YES, SO BLUE.  
(b) O, WIDE DRY GULF.  
(Answers on Page 3)

I was present at the Ti on one of these occasions, and the sight was most interesting. After all the packages had arrived, they were laid in a row under the verandah of the building, and opened. The fish were all quite small, generally about the size of a herring, and of every variety of colour. About one-eighth of the whole being reserved for the use of the Ti itself, the remainder was divided into numerous smaller packages, which were immediately despatched in every direction to the remotest part of the valley.

## This Scotland and These Scots

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory!  
Now's the day and now's the hour;  
See the front of battle lour;  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!

—Robert Burns.



Arrived at their destination, these were in turn portioned out, and equally distributed among the various houses of each particular district. The fish were under a strict Taboo, until the distribution was completed, which seemed to be effected in the most impartial manner. By the operation of this system every man, woman, and child in the vale were at one and the same time partaking of this favourite article of food.

Once, I remember, the party arrived at midnight; but the unseasonableness of the hour did

not repress the impatience of the islanders. The carriers despatched from the Ti were to be seen hurrying in all directions through the deep groves; each individual preceded by a boy bearing a flaming torch of dried cocoa-nut boughs, which from time to time was replenished from the materials scattered along the path.

The wild glare of these enormous flambeaux, lighting up with a startling brilliancy the innermost recesses of the vale, and seen moving rapidly along beneath the

Continued on Page 3.

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



THE MACEDONIAN COBBLER.

A scarcity of shoes in Britain doesn't mean so much as a scarcity of shoes in the depths of Macedonia. In Monastir the local cobbler sits at his last, making shoes from the hides of goats or cattle, and shapes them somewhat like our clogs. But only the soles in Macedonia are hard. They have got to be, for the roads are not like our pavements. Everything, too, is done by hand, cutting, sewing, shaping. No such thing as a machine is used. Orders are taken, but the execution lies in the hands of the gods, for nothing will make the old cobbler hasten if he doesn't want to. How does he soften leather? Why, by the big wooden mallet at his side. No leather can stand up to the pounding.

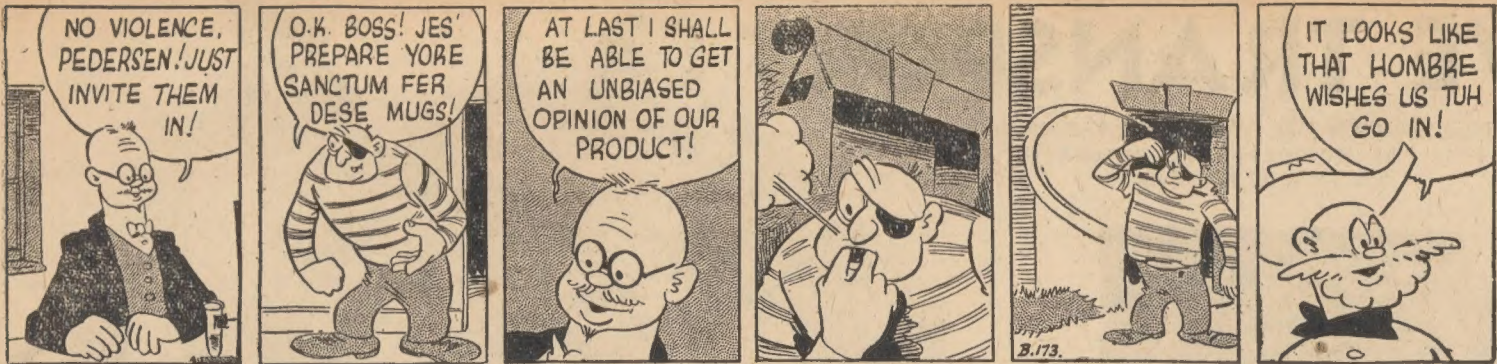
## JANE



HUM!— WHAT A PITY QUEEN CLOTILDE'S NOT HERE!— I FEEL I'M NEGLECTING MY DUTY...



Beelzebub Jones



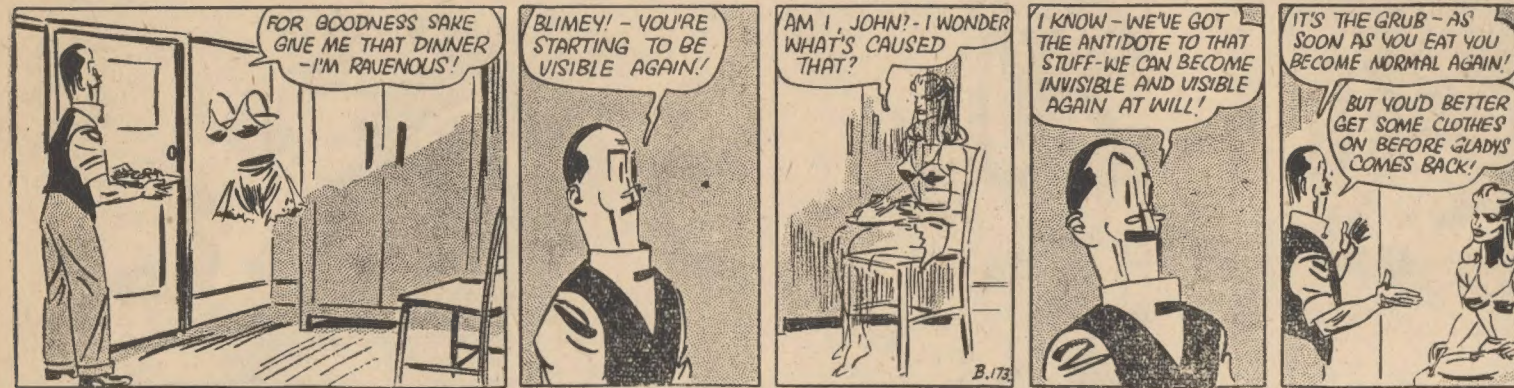
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

canopy of leaves, the savage shout of the excited messengers sounding the news of their approach, which was answered on all sides, and the strange appearance of their naked bodies, seen against the gloomy background, produced altogether an effect upon my mind that I shall long remember.

When old Marheyo received his share of the spoils, immediate preparations were made for a midnight banquet; calabashes of poee-poe were filled to the brim; green bread-fruit were roasted; and a huge cake of "amar" was cut up with a sliver of bamboo, and laid out on an immense banana leaf.

At this supper we were lighted by several of the native tapers, held in the hands of young girls. These tapers are most ingeniously made. There is a nut abounding in the valley, called by the Typees "armor," closely resembling our common horse-chestnut. The shell is broken, and the contents extracted whole.

Any number of these are strung at pleasure upon the long elastic fibre that traverses the branches of the cocoa-nut tree. Some of these tapers are eight or ten feet in length; but being perfectly flexible, one end is held in a coil, while the other is lighted. The nut burns with a fitful bluish flame, and the oil that it contains is exhausted in about ten minutes.

As one burns down, the next becomes ignited, and the ashes of the former are knocked into a cocoa-nut shell kept for the purpose. This primitive candle requires continual attention, and must be constantly held in the hand. The person so employed marks the lapse of time by the number of nuts consumed, which is easily learned by counting the bits of tappa distributed at regular intervals along the string.

I grieve to state so distressing a fact, but the inhabitants of Typee were in the habit of devouring fish much in the same way that a civilised being would eat a radish, and without any more previous preparation. They eat it raw;

scales, bones, gills, and all the inside.

The fish is held by the tail, and the head being introduced into the mouth, the animal disappears with a rapidity that would at first nearly lead one to imagine it had been launched bodily down the throat.

Raw fish! Shall I ever forget my sensations when I first saw my island beauty devour one? However, after the first shock had subsided, the custom grew less odious in my eyes, and I soon accustomed myself to the sight. Let no one imagine, however, that the lovely Fayaway was in the habit of swallowing great vulgar-looking fishes: oh, no; with her beautiful small hand, she would clasp a delicate, little, golden-hued love of a fish, and eat it as elegantly and as innocently as though it were a Naples biscuit.

There were some curious-looking dogs in the valley. Dogs!—big, hairless rats rather; all with smooth, shining, speckled hides—fat sides, and very disagreeable faces. Whence could they have come? That they were not the indigenous production of the region, I am firmly convinced. In-

deed, they seemed aware of their being interlopers, looking fairly ashamed, and always trying to hide themselves in some dark corner.

Scurvy curs! they were my abhorrence; I should have liked nothing better than to have been the death of every one of them. In fact, on one occasion, I intimated the propriety of a canine crusade to Mehevi; but the benevolent king would not consent to it. He heard me very patiently; but when I had finished, shook his head, and told me in confidence, that they were "taboo."

(Continued to-morrow)

Answers to Mixed Doubles.  
(a) SELBY & OUSE.  
(b) GUILDFORD & WEY.

Solution to Allied Ports.  
PEMBROKE.

Answer to Who is It?  
ANNIE LAURIE

Solution to Puzzle in No. 94.  
A Flight to America in War-time would be an expensive journey.

Ghosts of the Village Green

HAVE you ever browsed on your, or another, village green and pictured the strange mixture of wild and weird, gay and gruesome scenes that used to take place there?

We still think of our village greens as little, unchanging bits of old England. Since before the Middle Ages, when tilting tournaments and the like held the interests of the blue-blooded and moneyed classes, the rest of mankind has amused itself on the green village quadrangle.

But in the dark days folks' ideas of entertainment were vastly different from to-day. When a man was convicted of drunkenness by the local justices, his fellow men derived a certain pleasure from seeing him clamped for hours on end in the village stocks. These and the cages, or lock-ups, where law-breakers awaited trial, are still preserved on many village greens as evidence of a primitive "justice."

More serious crime was punished with the pillory, of which several villages still cherish the originals, as well as the whipping-posts reserved for vagrancy and petty thieving.

A tramp had a pretty thin time, whipped, as he was, from parish to parish, until at last, in despair, he turned his steps to his own birthplace, where the law allowed him to claim some form of maintenance.

Now and again you find old gibbets, renewed as each falls into disrepair—grim reminders of mediaeval tastes in punishment. More innocently—yet equally seriously—was this so with the ducking-stool, then in universal use for the punishment of man's pet aversion—scolding wives.

The major sport was bull-baiting, and it was staged on the village green. Royalty were thrilled by it, and Queen Elizabeth spent days watching the gruesome contests. To a ring firmly embedded in a stone or tree stump, the bull was tethered by a long chain. Dogs were then let loose, flew at the beast, hanging on to him until finally one or other of the attackers was killed or too badly mauled to continue the fight.

Sometimes a bear took the place of the bull. The dogs were either mastiffs or bulldogs. The bull-dog, in fact, received its name from its time-honoured connection with this sport.

Its ugly face shape grew from Nature's efforts to set back the nose to allow easier breathing while the animal was still "pinned" to the bull.

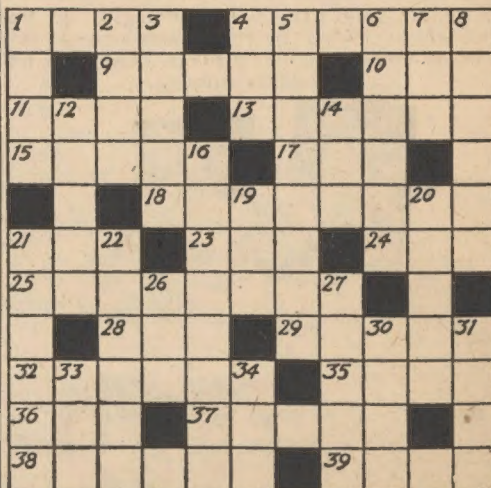
One group there was who deplored the sport, but Macaulay, with sarcasm, wrote: "The Puritans hated bull-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

Bear and bull-baiting have been illegal for the best part of a century. Cock-fighting is unlawful, too, but it still goes on in remote corners of the country, with sentries posted against police traps.

The Athenians began it, and this pastime, too, became the sport of kings. Henry VIII added a cock-pit to Whitehall. It wasn't till the Georges that the sport fell out of favour, and was finally prohibited by a special Act of Parliament.

But between these gruesome bouts the village green became the stage for more innocent recreations—pastoral plays, maypole and folk dances, traditional ceremonies connected with the gathering of the harvest. Many of these are constantly revived.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Rubbish heap.
  - 4 Little fish.
  - 9 Photo book.
  - 10 Have to pay.
  - 11 Talented.
  - 13 Blend.
  - 15 Subdued light.
  - 17 Steam boat.
  - 18 Soothing.
  - 21 Foot.
  - 23 Floor cover.
  - 24 Incline.
  - 25 Boss.
  - 28 Sailor.
  - 29 Preclude.
  - 32 Source.
  - 35 Valley.
  - 36 Low.
  - 37 Areas between circles.
  - 38 Consignor.
  - 39 Seep.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

FIRST SCARE  
EDUCATIONAL  
LEMON MACRE  
LAIR H-TEES  
S NEGATES H  
PARAKEETS  
CAN LEA RIP  
UNTIL CLARA  
BASSO HOLDS  
AM MOTET AT  
MAP N R WRY

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Kind of harrow.
  - 2 Man.
  - 3 Excuses.
  - 4 Silent.
  - 5 Ape.
  - 6 Small mug.
  - 7 Bird.
  - 8 Cleaned garden.
  - 12 Flower.
  - 14 Fruit.
  - 16 Con.
  - 19 Space of time.
  - 20 Uttered by voice.
  - 21 Twig brooms.
  - 22 Choice.
  - 26 Fall behind.
  - 27 Make merry.
  - 30 Foundation.
  - 31 Smoke.
  - 33 Deer.
  - 34 Negative word.



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

# MAN WILL ALWAYS HAVE TRANSPORT

In whatever hemisphere he may live, so long as man has goods to move, he will scheme or improvise an easy means of carriage. Here are some of his ideas.



"Must be something wrong with the ignition. No, drat it—it's the back axle again!" He believes in taking his food stock round with him when he goes for a walk. But he's overloaded the ship this time.

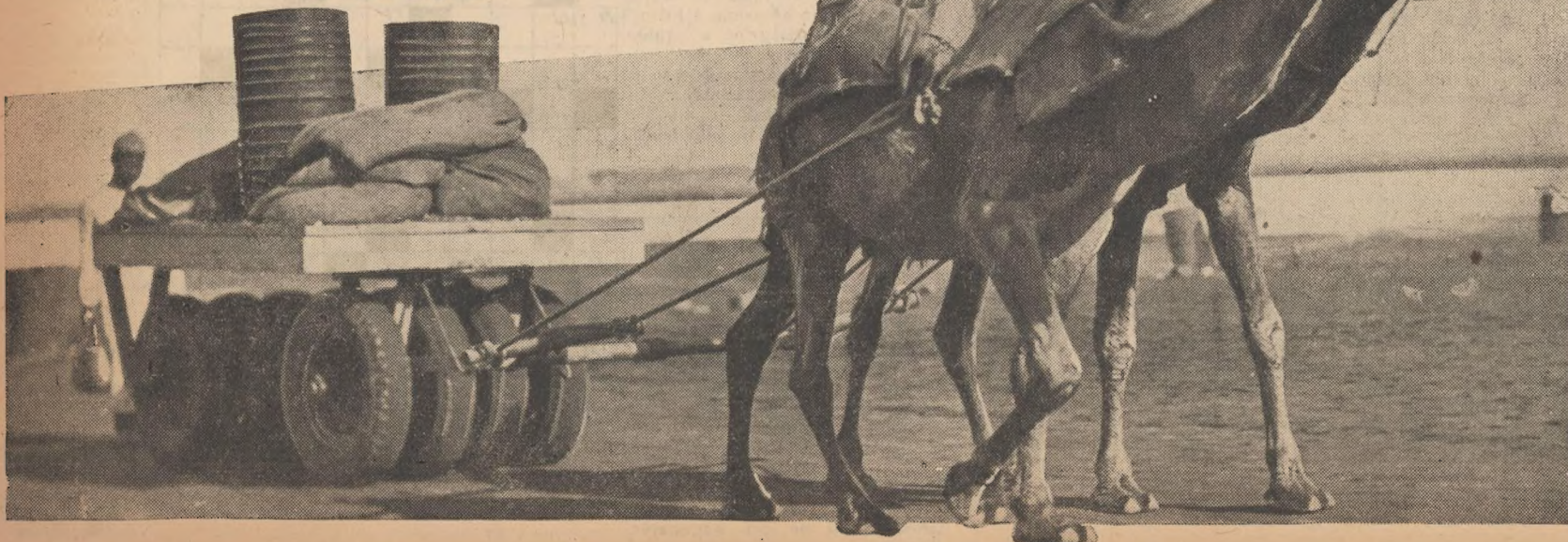


Surely the most economic vehicle in the world with regard to tyres, but then, Chinamen seldom waste anything, not even words.



A mixed team, if you like, and not the type to take honours at an English Horse Show, but this Frenchman seems to have combined the so-called stupidity of a donkey, with the sagacity of a dog, and go places with it.

"Sniff! Peculiar smell round here this morning," says Bertha, the camel. "Ah, well—maybe it's only me." Her companion thinks it a bit undignified to drag a home-made roller about the place. They are helping to make a Palestine airfield.



It's not much fun being a bullock in Kashmir. When they've eaten you they turn your skin into a boat. The native fishermen have to keep a good look-out for snags in case they get a puncture.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Here comes the milkman!"

